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definitely observable laws enable us to do any great thing. It is possible, by measuring and administering quantities of color, to paint a room wall so that it shall not hurt the eye; but there are no laws by observing which we can become Titans. It is possible so to measure and administer syllables, as to construct harmonious verse; but there are no laws by which we can write Iliads. Out of the poem or the picture, once produced, men may elicit laws by the volume, and study them with advantage, to the better understanding of the existing poem or picture; but no more write or paint another, than by discovering laws of vegetation, they can make a tree to grow. And therefore, wherever we find the system of formality and rules much dwelt upon, and spoken of as anything else than a help for children, there we may be sure that noble art is not even understood, much less reached. And thus it was with all the common and public mind in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The greater men, indeed, broke through the thorn hedges; and, though much time was lost by the learned among them, in writing Latin verses and anagrams, and arranging the frame-work of quaint sonnets and dextrous syllogisms, still they tore their way through the sapless thicket by force of intellect or piety; for it was not possible that even in literature or in painting, rules could be received by any strong mind, so as materially to interfere with its originality; and the crabbed discipline and exact scholarship became an advantage to the men who could pass through and despise them; so that in spite of the rules of the drama, we had Shakespeare, and in spite of the rules of Art, we had Titoret,—both of them to this day doing perpetual violence to the vulgar scholarship and dimmed properties of the multitude.

But in architecture it was not so; for that was the art of the multitude, and was affected by all their errors; and the great men who entered its field like Michael Angelo, found expression for all the best part of their minds in sculpture, and made the architecture merely its shell. So the simpletons and sophists had their way with it, and the reader can have no conception of the inanities and puerilities of the writers who, with the help of Vitruvius, re-established its "five orders," determined the proportions of each, and gave the various recipes for sublimity and beauty, which have been thenceforward followed to this day, but which may, I believe, in this age of perfect machinery, be followed out still farther. If, indeed, there are only five perfect forms of columns and architraves, and there be a fixed proportion to each, it is certainly possible, with a little ingenuity, so to regulate a stone-cutting machine, as that it shall furnish pillars and pieces to the size ordered, of any of the five orders, on the most perfect Greek models, in any quantity; an epitome, also, of Vitruvius, may be made so simple, as to enable any bricklayer to set them up at their proper distances, and we may dispense with our architects altogether.

But if this be not so, and there be any truth in the faint persuasion which still lurks in men's minds, that architecture is an art, and that it requires some gleam of intellect to practise it, then let the whole system of the orders and their proportions

be cast out and trampled down as the most vain, barbarous, and paltry deception that was ever stamped on human prejudice; and let us understand this plain truth, common to all work of man, that, if it be good work, it is not a copy, nor anything done by rule, but a freshly and divinely-imagined thing. Five orders! There is not a side chapel in any Gothic cathedral, but has fifty orders, the worst of them better than the best of Greek ones, and all new; and a single inventive human soul could create a thousand orders in an hour.\* And this would have been discovered even in the worst times, but that, as I said, the greatest men of the age, found expression for their invention in other arts, and the best of those who devoted themselves to architecture were in great part occupied in adapting the construction of buildings to new necessities, such as those developed by the invention of gunpowder (introducing a totally new and most interesting science of fortification, which directed the ingenuity of Sanmicheli and many others from its proper channel), and found interest of a meaner kind in the difficulties of reconciling the obsolete architectural laws they had consented to revive, and the forms of Roman architecture which they agreed to copy, with the requirements of the daily life of the sixteenth century.

## CORREGGIO:

*A Tragedy by*

ADAM OEHLenschläGER.

*Translated by Theodore Martin.**(Continued.)*

## ACT THE FIFTH.

*A wood; in the back-ground Silvestro's hut. A large, gnarled oak near the hut, fitted up as a chapel; the picture of the Magdalen, in a frame, suspended on the tree. Little stone steps lead up to the tree, the hollow and branches of which are cut out and interwoven so as to form a circular temple. In the foreground, large plane trees, and to the right, a fountain bubbling from a mound of earth and stones, and winding away in a rivulet through the wood.*

VALENTINO.

*(An aged bandit, very large and stalwart, with a swarthy brown visage; his hair caught up in a green net, over which he wears a broad round hat; a pair of pistols in his belt, a sword by his side, a carbine on his shoulder. He sits rummaging beside the fountain.)*

How all things change with time; and with them, too,  
Changes the way we look at,—think of them! Some thirty years ago I ranged the woods,  
And hated this proud world ferociously.  
Then did the shadow of these boughs beguile  
A thirst for blood within me. If I chanced  
Upon a hollow tree, I viewed it, then.  
But as an ambuscade and tower of strength,  
To make my swoop from on the traveller.—  
The flowers grew no better in my eyes  
Than rank weeds, good but to be trodden down.  
I ne'er felt happier, or more content,  
Than after massacre and plunder; then  
I revell'd in my cavern with my band,  
And felt myself a Pluto, kin to Jove,

\* That is to say, orders separated by such distinctions as the old Greek ones; considered with reference to the bearing power of their capital, all orders may be referred to two, as long ago stated; just as trees may be referred to the two great classes, monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous.

A mighty king of the grim nether world.  
All this is alter'd now, as age comes on.  
My flesh creeps coldly now in this dark cave,  
As though its shadows said, Soon shalt thou rest

In darkness evermore! Enjoy the light,  
The little space it yet is left to thee.  
I have no pleasure now in shedding blood,  
And never do, unless in sudden wrath,  
Or as a piece of needful policy.  
'The Aged Valentino!' 'Tis a name  
Brings vivid fear to every lip that speaks it.  
The women stop the squalling of their brats  
In nurseries with it, and in the very court  
The haughty judge is silent when he hears it,  
Grows pale, and drops his pen in trembling fear.

I am a deal more dreaded than the devil.  
Nor do I find my strength has fail'd me yet;  
But, out! alas! I want the pluck I had.  
What can the reason be? I cannot tell!  
For, though I be a bandit and a murderer,  
I never ceased, because of this, to be  
A good, sound Christian too. The one is quite  
Consistent with the other. True it is,  
That in my life I've not been over nice,  
That I have scored full many a pate across,  
Silt a few throats, dishonour'd wives and maids,  
And help'd myself to money and such like;  
But yet no man shall say of me, that I  
Have let one day go by, I have not said  
At least three paternosters; I, besides,  
Have gone with punctuality to mass,  
And purchased absolution for myself,  
As well for sins gone by as sins to come.  
This being so, why, any man would think  
I should be sure to travel post to heaven,  
Now, in my failing years; and yet my fear  
More slow than any veturino carrows  
Along the upward road. At unawares  
Will an avenging angel, fiery-eyed,  
Start from the thicket, mark me with a gun,  
Wrest from me all my little sum of hope,  
And hurl me down, like Lucifer of old,  
Deep through the earth into the pit of hell.

*Enter SILVESTRO from the hut; he kneels before the picture of the Magdalen; and repeats his evening prayer.*

There is the eremite, the old Silvestro.  
A feeble man, pale, haggard in the face:  
Yet does his eye look strong and full of light.  
My cheek is brown and vigorous as autumn,  
But when my eye is mirror'd in the brook,  
Methinks 'tis full of trouble, wan as Saturn,  
And trembling cold with an uncertain light.  
So killing is one solitary thought,  
So full of balm are confidence and hope.

SILVESTRO

*(rises, and advances towards him.)*

The Lord be with you, friend!

VALENTINO.

Thanks for your wish!

Do you know me, holy father?

SILVESTRO.

Yes, you are

A huntsman.

VALENTINO.

Ay, a rifleman!

SILVESTRO.

And so

We both are anchorites.

VALENTINO.

And greybeards both!

SILVESTRO.

And both awary of the world.

VALENTINO.

It seems so!

SILVESTRO.

And therefore both of us direct our eyes  
Away from earth to God's eternity.

VALENTINO.  
If that would profit aught.

SILVESTRO.  
Why should it not?

VALENTINO.  
You are a pious man; at the first tap,  
St. Peter will admit you; but for me,  
A wild, loose-living fellow, and a huntsman,  
That hosts of harmless animals has slain!

SILVESTRO.  
And were you even a bandit, if you turn  
Repentant to the cross, imploring grace,  
It will not be denied you.

VALENTINO.  
Do you know me?

SILVESTRO.  
I know you, Valentino.

VALENTINO.  
And fear nothing?

SILVESTRO.  
No; rather do I hope, with God's good aid,  
To chase away all anguish from your heart.

VALENTINO.  
You know, then, what is stirring in my mind?

SILVESTRO.  
Not rocks alone and forest trees, my son,  
Are privy to your pangs; I know them too.

*Enter several bandits, leading, FRANCESCO  
BATTISTA.*

BRUNO.  
A pretty puppet this, with purse well lined,  
And full cramm'd knapsack on his back to boot!  
Captain, by your good leave, I'd like to pluck  
This bird's fine feathers off, and then to twist  
His neck about—he is the vintner's son,  
Son of that hunx Battista in Correggio.

SECOND ROBBER.  
The avaricious bound that spoils our trade!

THIRD ROBBER.  
That often has refused us a cool draught,  
Night's lodgings, and all common courtesies,  
When, as poor artizans, we sought his roof.

VALENTINO.  
A sneaking hypocrite, an envious knave.  
A pitiful, backbiting, cursed villain!  
Bandits are angels pure compared with him;  
For strength and prudence can at least forearm  
Against assault; but yonder crawling snake  
Stings folks to death or ever they're aware.  
My blood boils, when I think of such a scoundrel!

For it was all his blame, that Nicostrato,  
My brother and my friend in death and life,  
Was beat to death with clubs; his manly limbs  
Hack'd and disfigured by the hangman's knives,  
Because his lordship's cur—his lordship ne'er  
Had done it—counsel'd stretching on the rack.  
So take his son; I give him as a victim,  
His blood shall serve to cool my vengeance in.

*(The bandits are about to lead off FRANCESCO;  
he casts himself at VALENTINO'S feet, and  
exclaims)*

FRANCESCO.  
Mercy, oh, mercy!

VALENTINO.  
*(half drawing his stiletto).*  
Hence, thou viper's spawn!

SILVESTRO  
*(seizes the picture of the Magdalen with one  
hand, and VALENTINO'S arm with the other.)*  
Mercy! What has the miserable youth  
E'er done to thee? Curb thy unholly rage!  
If nature's everlasting dictates fail

To move thy harden'd disposition, still  
Show that thou art a Christian man at least,  
Spare the poor youth, nor desecrate the presence  
Of this best picture here with innocent blood!  
Behold this skull,—even such shalt thou be-  
come,  
Behold this book,—it is the Bible, where  
For thee is written the command, that thou  
Shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Behold  
This saintly woman, who with her's strength  
Divorced herself from sin. Do thou the like,  
And save thy soul alive; be human!

VALENTINO  
*(starts back in amazement, when he sees the  
picture.)*

Hold!  
Let him go free! By heaven, the Saint is  
near,—  
Is present! Not her picture, she herself,  
Has stay'd my hand. Do you all see her there,  
The Sancta Magdalena? Do you see  
The suppliant for fallen and sinful souls?  
Our own sweet saint; do you see her?

ALL THE ROBBERS,  
*(who have involuntarily taken off their hats,  
and knelt before the picture.)*

Yes, we do!  
How fair she is, how pictured to the life!  
*Ora pro nobis, Sancta Magdalena!*  
*(Cross themselves.)*

VALENTINO *(to FRANCESCO.)*  
Go hence in peace! And for thy rescue thank  
This blessed saint, and next to her the man,  
Unto whose soul her brightness was reveal'd,  
That he might show her to his fellow-men!

SILVESTRO *(to FRANCESCO.)*  
This picture's by Antonio Allegri,  
The humble painter, and thy father's neighbour.  
*(Exit FRANCESCO.)*

*(To VALENTINO)*

I thank thee!

VALENTINO.  
We shall meet again to-morrow.  
*Exit SILVESTRO into the hut.*

NICOLÒ *(Enters).*  
Captain, 'tis well I've lighted on you here.  
A painter, one Antonio, of Correggio,  
Will presently go by; upon his back  
He bears a huge sack fill'd with copper coin,  
And, what is better still, upon his finger  
The loveliest signet ring!

VALENTINO.  
Thou coward beast!  
And thou wouldst rob the worthy artist, who  
Can make such glorious saints, and even in  
hearts

Of iron kindle feelings such as these?  
Does he not live at strife with all the world,  
Even as ourselves? Is he not hunted down,  
And scorned like us? Artists and bandits are  
Both people of one order. Both avoid  
The broad and dusty road of daily life,  
And for themselves make pleasant, shady paths  
Through flowery glades. What, hurt an artist,  
thou  
Disgraceful varlet! Thou a hero, thou!  
Was it for this I sent thee to the house  
Of the rich nobleman, that thou shouldst flinch  
From the poor labourer his daily wage?  
Pack to the devil, cur! Thou merit'st not  
To live in any honourable band  
Of gallant fellows!

NICOLÒ.  
But I thought—

VALENTINO.  
Go hang!  
Down to the cave, down every man of you!  
I've much, ay much, to tell you yet to-day.  
A little time, and I must leave the band;  
For I am old, and conscience has its rights

As well as you. Quite long enough you've  
reap'd

The harvest of my labour and my brains.  
There lack not precedents of kings who've laid,  
Because of failing years, their sceptres down,  
And I shall follow their example soon.  
Whilst yet I stay with you, no murder, look  
you!

The wealthy you may plunder as before,  
The poor you shall permit to pass scot free.  
Such my command. Will you obey it?

ALL.

Yes,  
If you'll consent to stay amongst us still.

VALENTINO.  
No further foray shall we make to-night.  
Antonio goes free through bush and brake,  
And no loose birds shall hover on his path,  
But such as carol sweetly from the boughs.  
*(Exeunt banditti.)*

ANTONIO  
*(enters, carrying the bag; on his bare head  
he wears the laurel wreath; he throws  
down the bag, and seats himself beside the  
fountain.)*

I can no more. My strength is wholly spent.  
Thank heaven, thank heaven, here is the spring  
at last!

Oh for a goblet now, that I might drink!  
If I could only reach my home, to give  
The money to my darling! What alarms!  
Will rack her, as night falls, and I come not!  
What's this? The blood is mounting to my  
head.

*(Takes off the laurel wreath and contemplates it.)*  
'Tis very fresh and cool,—my head is burning.  
'Thee I devote to immortality!  
But immortality begins with death.

Ha, my fair goddess! Is this meaning this?  
*(LAURETTA, a peasant girl, with her milk-  
pail on her head, is seen crossing the wood.)*  
Who comes so blithe, and singing as she goes?  
Lauretta? Yes, our neighbour's daughter,  
going

To milk her kids, at this late hour, a-field!

LAURETTA.  
Why, as I live, it is Antonio!

ANTONIO  
Good evening, Lauretta!

LAURETTA.  
Here at last!  
Your wife, Maria, has been full of fears,  
Because you were so long in coming back.

ANTONIO.  
I've walked as rapidly as I was able.

LAURETTA.  
'Tis a long way to go, and you are tired?  
No wonder either.

ANTONIO.  
Will you, my good girl,  
Lend me your pail to take a drink with it.  
I've nothing here to lift the water in.

LAURETTA.  
Where have you left your hat?

ANTONIO.  
My hat? In Parma.

LAURETTA.  
And what is that you have there on your head?  
A laurel wreath! It sits upon you bravely.  
A comely ornament. Who gave it you?

ANTONIO.  
One from above!

LAURETTA.  
You artists, you forget  
All else among your dreams. I will not have  
An artist for my husband; should I marry,  
I'll choose a man who won't, at all events,  
Forget his wife.

ANTONIO.

Nay, good Lauretta, nay!  
I never did forget Maria, never!

LAURETTA

*(dips her pail on the fountain, and gives it to him to drink.)*

Now drink your fill!

ANTONIO *(drinks eagerly)*.

How exquisitely cool!

LAURETTA.

Right from the caverns of the lower world.

ANTONIO *(smiling)*.

Thanks, thanks to thee, thou sweet Rebecca,  
thanks!

I shall provide thee some day with a husband.

LAURETTA.

Why not at once?

ANTONIO *(tries to get up.)*

I must be going now—  
I'm very tired! *(sits down again.)*

LAURETTA.

Sit still, and rest awhile!  
Maria's coming with her little boy,  
To meet you, and will very soon be here;  
So wait, and you may go together home!

ANTONIO.

Strange, but I feel a sinking at the heart!

LAURETTA.

You're too much given to sadness, Master Antonio!

This comes of painting pictures of the saints.  
Come, sit beneath this tree, and rest your limbs,  
And I will sing you there a little song,  
Will chime delightfully beside the spring.

ANTONIO.

Yes, sing, my child, and brighten up my heart!

LAURETTA *(sings.)*

The fairy dwells in the rocky hall,  
The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;  
The waters tumble as white as snow,  
From the rocks above to the pool below;  
Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,  
And you shall be my own love away!

From the bonds of the body thy soul I'll free,  
Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me.  
Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,  
And ivory white thy bones I'll wash.  
Deep, deep shalt thou rest in my cozy home,  
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam.

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,  
But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain;  
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,  
And she hands him a goblet of water fair;  
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels again  
The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,  
He has drunken of death's deadly flood;  
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red,  
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.  
The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there  
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanch'd and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,  
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree;  
In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,  
His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;  
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,  
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

*(Rising.)*

But it grows late, and I must leave you now,  
'Tis time I were away to milk my kids.  
Good speed you! Soon Maria will be here  
With your Giovanni for you.

ANTONIO.

Many thanks!

LAURETTA.

No cause for that! *[Exit.]*ANTONIO *(gazes after her.)*

Thou'rt right! A frightful song,  
A trumpet call of death; a jubilate

Of the dark powers that work beneath the world!  
Such thistles Italia did ne'er beget  
Upon her flowery breast. Fair Lombardess,  
Thou from thy mother didst inherit them,  
And she from hers, to whom through years they came

Down from that ancestress, who hang'd herself  
In knotted coil of a wild horse's tail,  
Mad with the thought, that her barbarian lord  
The battle lost. She said to me, Good speed you! I  
And not Farewell! She handed me the draught  
Of death,—the fairy with the golden locks!  
It chill'd my marrow, and it chill'd my blood.  
By heaven, I lived the ballad through, the while  
She with a heart so blithe was singing it.

*(Collects himself, is silent for a moment,  
and then proceeds more calmly.)*

It is with fancy as with every power,  
With every spark of flame; before it dies,  
It flashes up, but once, a bright farewell.  
So be it; I fear not. If she were a fairy,  
Then the fair being who in Parma crown'd  
My head with laurel, was my Muse; so too  
Maria will no wretched widow be,  
She is the heavenly Maria's self;  
Giovanni, thou no sireless orphan art,  
Thou art Giovanni's self, the little angel,  
Who follow'd with the Agnus-Dei staff  
Maria unto earth, to consecrate  
And guide my art to Christianity's  
Aggrandisement and glory. Yes, 'tis so!

*(Cheerfully.)*

How sweet the evening is, how blue and cool!  
The coolness fans me with its airy wings,  
And soothes me. East, a whispering rain is  
falling;

The sun sinks in the west, but in the south  
Still paints a glorious rainbow on the dew.  
How gladsomely the green smiles forth on me,  
Like hope from out the blue eternity!  
I feel as though the seven best colours beam'd  
A bright all hail! in this my parting hour.  
As though they beckon'd me from these dim  
shades

On to pure light, their stainless parent's home.

*(Takes up the bag.)*

I take thee up, thou heavy load of life,  
For the last time. Thou cruel Mammon! Still  
The spirit's foe, whose aims are not of earth!  
Thou art avenged! The little that my pencil  
Wrested from thee, oppress'd my shoulders ever  
With iron weight. Soon shall I live without  
you!

Oh come, Maria! my Giovanni, come!  
Only one look, one little, last farewell!  
Yes, thou kind heaven, I ask but this one joy,  
Life's sweetest—and I die without a murmur!

*[Exit.]*

*(On the other side, enter MARIA with GIOVANNI; he has the Agnus-Dei staff in his hand.)*

GIOVANNI.

Why does not father come, dear mother—why!

MARIA.

He will come soon, I hope; he has had much  
To do to-day in Parma.

*(To be continued.)*

GERMAN papers speak highly of the new Gallery at Dresden. The Dutch pictures are not better placed—but the Italian are much improved. The plate glass has been removed from the Raphael Madonna. Holbein's "Maria" has a place of honor. The whole alteration took only three months. The Gallery is open gratis every day, except Saturday, when a small fee of about fourpence is demanded.—*Athenaeum.*

\* Green among the northern nations is regarded as the color of hope.

## Review.

## FAED'S MILTON AND SHAKESPEARE.

THERE can be no better illustration of the great and perfect system of government by law than the just view of technical Art. As in the perfectly regulated community, each member endeavors so to fill his place that the general good and order may be most fully subserved, never obtruding himself or his office on the attention of others, so in the perfectly painted picture, there is no detail that is not perfect in itself, and yet completely subordinated to the general effect of the picture, so that when you regard it as a whole, you shall feel the true and harmonious combination of many things into one, and on regarding each part it shall yet be entirely satisfactory as an individual. There are two ways of departure from this golden mean—the one, which may be called the tyrannical, being the entire sacrifice of the dignity and independent perfection of the details to the central conception and general effect, so that when you have received this effect, there is nothing further to be obtained; the other, which, correspondingly, may be called the anarchical, is that in which detail constantly obtrudes itself on our notice, heedless of the general unity and order, and of the effect of the whole. No least part is willing to be overlooked for an instant, and so the whole is lost to all good purpose.

These conditions are alike erroneous, yet they characterize almost all modern Art; and of the two, most unthinking men prefer the former as bearing the semblance, at least, of order, and because the impersistence of an ill-governed populace is, of all social evils, most distressing to sober and conservative minds. But the other is, to thoughtful men, more hopeful, because it is only through the perfect development of the individual that general perfection can be reached, and though in itself a disagreeable state, it is endured as promising grand results when the details, individually perfect, shall learn their true positions and accept them. It is in this state that the most of English painting exists at present. Pre-Raphaelitism cast down the gauntlet to human authority in Art, and the good old radical spirit of the English people began to manifest itself in a series of defiant vagaries and ultraisms, as if to recompense itself by an extraordinary degree of liberty for its long bondage to tradition and academicisms; and with this there came too much of what we have called the anarchical error. Painters learned to delight too strongly in the perfection of detail considered by itself, and there arose a large, and we are sorry to say, exceedingly popular school, who paint detail with great accuracy and skill, but with very little regard to the higher ends of Art. In their works the accessories become principal, and the central idea is omitted—the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

The pictures under notice are excellent examples of this class; painted with astonishing skill and dexterity, with exceeding accuracy both of texture and local color, they are yet destitute of a central thought, for the individuals purporting to name the pictures, are as much accessory as the carved book-case or table, for all wait on and bear witness alone to the painter's